In Recital

Lindsey Sikora, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Sylvia Shadick Taylor, piano

Wednesday, April 16, 2003 at 7:00 pm

Studio 27
Fine Arts Building

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Laudamus te from "Mass in C Minor" (1782)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Ombra mai fu from "Serse" (1737)	George Frideric Handel (1685- 1759)
Abendempfindung (1787)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Ganymed (1817)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Von ewiger Liebe (1864)	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Faites-lui mes aveux from "Faust" (1859)	Charles Gounod (1818- 1893)

Intermission

Airs Chantés (1927-8) Air Romantique Air Champêtre Air Grave Air Vif	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
The Daisies(1927) With Rue My Heart Is Laden (1928) Bessie Bobtail(1934) A Nun Takes the Veil (1937) The Secrets of the Old (1938) Sure on this Shining Night(1938)	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Sikora.

Ms Sikora is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate), a Richard Eaton Singers Scholarship in Voice, a Bessie Brooks Winspear Scholarship, a Vienna Opera Ball Society Scholarship and a Universiade '83 Scholarship.

Translations

Laudamus te
We sing praises to thee,
We glorify thee,
We adore thee,
We bless thee.

Ombra mai fu/Thy Blossoms Fair
Clad in verdure green thy branches
As once more, friend, I greet thee, my fate now thou shalt read me.
Thunder, lightning, brooding tempest, come not here to disturb thy peaceful
shadows.
The north's savage cruelties
Long may they spare thee!
Thy blossoms fair,
Shedding rare radiance,
Wafting soft fragrance,
Perfume the air.

Trans. Mrs. O.B. Boise

Abendempfindung/Evening Thoughts
It is evening, the sun has disappeared
And the moon beams silver rays.
Thus vanish life's fairest hours,
Flying by as in a dance.
Life's bright scenes are all soon over,
And the final curtain falls.
Our revels now are ended, and friendly tears
Already flow over our grave.
Soon perhaps, like a gentle west wind,
Over me will pass
A quiet sense of life's journeys end,
And I will fly to the realms of peace.
Should you then mourn at my grave,
Grieving to see my ashes,
Then, my friends, I will appear to you
And breathe of heaven.
Send me a little tear
And pluck a violet from my grave,
And with your soulful glance
Look gently down on me.
Dedicate a tear to me, and oh!
Only do not be ashamed to shed it.
It will be the finest pearl in my crown.

Trans. Joachim Heinrich Campe

Ganymed
How in the morning radiance
you glow around me, spring, beloved!
With the thousandfold joy of love,
my heart is enveloped
by the blissful sensation of your eternal warmth,
o, infinite beauty!
That I might clasp you in my arms!
Ah, on your bosom I lie, languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press against my heart.
You cool the burning thirst of my bosom,
lovely morning breeze!
While the nightingale calls to me
tenderly from the misty vale.
I come, I come, whither, ah! whither?
Upwards, upwards I am driven!
The clouds float downwards;
the clouds bend down towards my yearning love.
To me, to me!
In your lap upwards!
Embracing and embraced,
upwards to thy bosom, all-loving father!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Von ewiger Liebe/Love Is Forever
Dark, how dark in wood and field
It is already evening, now the world is silent.
There is no light, not even smoke,
And even the lark is silent.
Out of the village comes a lad,
Escorting his beloved home,
By the willowbushes,
They talk a great deal about various things:
If it saddens you and you suffer disgrace,
If you suffer disgrace from others because of me,
Let us break our love quickly,
How fast was our earlier time together.
Sheathed with rain and with wind,
How fast was our earlier time together.
The maiden says:
Do not break apart our love!
Steel is strong and so is iron,
But our love is stronger than both.
Iron and steel, man forges,
But who can change our love?
Iron and steel, one can melt,
But our love must exist forever!

Faites-lui mes aveux/Gentle Flow'rs in the Dew
Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
Bear love from me!
Tell her no flow'r is rarer,
Tell her that she is fairer,
Dearer to me than all,
Though fair you be!
Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
Bear sighs from me!
Tell my passion so tender.
Tell her I will defend her,
E'en my life will surrender,
Her knight to be!
'Tis withered! Alas!
That dark stranger foretold me what my fate must be!
Never to touch a single flower, but it must decay!
Suppose I dip my hand in holy water!
'Tis here, when day is o'er, that she prays!
Marguerite! Yes, now I will try!
And this moment! Can it be withered?
No! Thou fiend! Thy pow'r is gone!
Gentle flowers, lie there,
And speak for me.
Say how weary my waiting,
How my heart is beating,
While to Her in the air I bend my knee.
Gentle flowers, lie there
And speak for me!
If my love should alarm her,
May the flowers to charm her
Meet her lip to release
A tender kiss!

Trans. H.T. Chorley and Dr. Theodore Baker

Air Romantique/Romantic Song
The countryside I wandered,
Tho' storm and wind defied me.
The clouds hung low above,
In morning light so wan;
A raven, black as night,
Took as tho' to guide me,
And thro' the pools of driven rain
I stumbled on.
The distant lightning played
And flashed in splendour fleeting,
Bitter the wind that blew,
To cry of sorrow stirred;
Yet was my heart
for some vague terror loudly beating,

Air Romantique/Romantic Song (cont'd)
and stronger than the storm,
which passed as tho' unheard.
Autumn, with jealous hand,
Her part in nature playing,
Gathered the golden leaves
From ash and maple tree,
Yet still the bird, aloft,
No weariness betraying,
Forever onward flew,
And gave no thought to me.

Text Jean Moreas
Trans. Edward Agate

Air Champêtre/A Country Song
Lake so silent, alas!
I ever must remember how once,
To thee by friendship led,
I gazed
Into thy features,
Radiant goddess,
Half lost in the sedge,
And the moss by the shore.
If it only had lived,
The friendship I am grieving,
Oh nymph, to follow thee enslaved,
Mingle but for a while
With winds that round thee play,
And reply to thy hidden waves!

Text Jean Moreas
Trans. Edward Agate

Air Grave/Song of Grief
Oh! Depart from my mind,
All angry thoughts of pain!
Oh! Remorse, oh! Disgrace!
Cruel mem'ries of old that beat about my brain,
As in death-like embrace,
Moss covered, winding paths,
And fountains lightly flowing,
Rockladen caverns,
Mild song of birds and the winds,
Dim shadows now growing of beast in forest wild,
Oh creatures, great and small,
Oh, joy of living,
Spurn and reject me not,
Oh nature, gladness giving,
But hear me when I cry!
Oh! Depart from my soul,
Remorse, disgrace!
Text Jean Moreas
Trans. Edward Agate

Air Vif/Brisk Song
See the orchard is white,
The countryside rejoices,
Meadow and field and grove
Are breaking into bloom,
Alas! alas! alas! alas!
Hark to the voices of winds that sigh above.
But thou, ocean serene
Never a moment shaken tho' the storms rage around,
Peerless, and greater still
If once thy sorrow waken,
Now in dreams thou art bound.
Text Jean Moreas
Trans. Edward Agate

Upcoming Events

April
17 Thursday, 10:00 am - 1:00 pm
Piano and Composition Masterclass
with Distinguished Visitor
Marc Couroux .
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building 2-7
Free admission

17 Thursday, 3:00 - 4:30 pm
Lecture
"On the expansion of concert ritual and the development of a new performative ethic"
with Distinguished Visitor
Marc Couroux
Free admission

29 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Bianca Baciu, piano
Chamber Music
Free admission

May
14 Wednesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Magdalena Adamek, piano
Free admission

24 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Frank Ho, violin
Alexandra Munn, piano
Works by Schubert, Falla
and Wieniawski
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15

department of Music

Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).